Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I, praiſe them. *Prince.* *Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horſe: for thou and I
Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! *Hoſteſſe*, my breakfaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Taverne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſayd, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should goe ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of ſoothers, but a braver place
In my hearts love hath no man then your ſelfe,
Nay taske me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.